

New England Coastal Graveyard

The frugal spaces
as if these Yankees embraced
the dirt down un-
to them. Above,

salt-scoured markers rippling in
smoke from McDONALDS, & ISUZU.

(We must seem to ripple too
inside the supermarket's window.)

A stone shakes at the end
of vision.
The girl scans barcodes
on our frozen food.

OFF THE COAST OF BRAZIL
we had browsed earlier.

›P Where water is the jungle,›@
›P bronze and green,shrieking›@
›P birds of teal-streaked apricot›@

›Pthrong massive heat, drop hushed in ›@
›P ribbons past the dripping palms,›@
›P through swollen calm, ›@

›P thence shadowing a dusk-›@
›P smoked wave which slides ›@
›Pas an amorist's shoulder. ›@